SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Real Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The ten volume edition of Ralph Waldo Emerson's Journals brought out under the editorship of Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes is the basis and groundwork of O. W. FIRKINS's *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Houghton Mifflin & Co.). Apart from the fact that it is a conservative and authoritative account of Emerson, his life, his works, his thought, it is most delectable reading, for oddly enough Emerson, who lived the most quiet and uneventful of lives, furnishes a fund of anecdote. Walt Whitman, who elected to be vagabond in life and in thought, from whose adventures one would expect so much more of the quaint and the startling, does not offer any so fertile field. Emerson's stanch individuality, his reasoned conviction that little things were really little things and not to be worried over, sets him apart as a real sage, and the time will doubtless come when his life and a few culled bits from his poems and addresses will be all the cultivated world will treasure of him.

It is said that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, and judging from Emerson's ancestry it takes seven generations to make a genius. He derived from a race who for seven generations or full two hundred years went on uniformly attaining and storing power but consistently missing greatness. One of the earliest figures in the family annals was that of Peter Bulkeley, rector of Woodhill in Bedfordshire, "a man of admirable scholarship, piety and contumacy, who found the breadth of the Atlantic the only adequate symbol of the divergence between his views and those of the dogmatic and despotic Archbishop Laud." Bulkeley came to America and in the wilderness literally founded the city of Concord in 1634. One would wish to know if after his heated battle for opinions in England he himself gave the town its name, but the author overlooks this significant detail. Emerson derived through Bulkeley's granddaughter, who married an Emerson. From the start of the family in the New World onward, Mr. Firkins avers, the race maintained a high tradition of worth and distinction, submitting to the discipline of persecution and the safeguards of poverty. Joseph Emerson, Ralph Waldo's great-grandfather, prayed nightly that none of his descendants might be rich. Samuel Moody, a great-grandfather on the distaff side, gave away his wife's only pair of shoes and was accustomed to pursue his parishioners into the ale houses on Saturday nights and lead them back to respectability by the collar. William Emerson, the grandfather, was active in the Revolution, and though prevented by his parishioners from taking part in the fatal skirmish of April 19, 1775, he was not prevented from dying of camp fever at Ticonderoga.

The immediate parentage of Emerson offers less to the collector of anecdotes than the preceding generations, although there is a familiar ring to the note of his father, "We are poor, cold and have little meal and little wood and little meat, but thank God, courage enough." This father died when his oldest son was but 10 years old, and the mother, "who contributed much more to the welfare of her family than to the sustenance or enlivenment of her biographers," opened a boarding house and reared her five sons in honorable poverty. Ralph and his brother Edward shared one overcoat during a cold Boston winter, using it on alternate days, thus risking both lives. Evidently the mother was not a woman given to self-expression, for when once she wrote to the two elder sons, who were absent, "my sons, I have been in agony for you," the unwonted burst of tenderness aroused a thrill of bliss in Ralph's heart. One of the directing influences of the boys' lives was that of their aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, of whom readers of Mr. Firkins's book would have liked fuller accounts. She was a Calvinist, but a rebellious one, rebelling also against her own revolt. According to Emerson she "extolled and poeticized her beloved Calvinism, yet all the time she doubted and denied it, and could not tell whether to be more glad or sorry to find that these boys (her nephews) were irremediably born to the adoption and furtherance of the new ideas." Again Emerson says of her, "She possessed a southern luxuriance of temperament, incarnated in a northern hardihood of constitution." She had the familiar trait of a violent hatred of unreasoning obedience to custom, being eagerly ready to replace it by "unreasoning disobedience." She was the author of that famous counsel to her nephews, "Always do what you are afraid to do," which reminds one of Emerson's own counsel to the little boys afraid to go down the long, dark passage, "Go on, boys, go on; you can never see anything uglier than yourselves." This anecdote, with its representative philosophy of the illusion of all material phenomena, the author unfortunately forgets to add. Of the five brothers Mr. Firkins says: "They lived on the border of the empyrean and on the edge of starvation." Yet all had the benefit of a Harvard education; all again broke down in early manhood: Edward Bliss, the flower of the family, after two short outbursts of insanity finally died in 1834; and Charles, the youngest brother, of whom Emerson writes, "he had the fourfold perfection of good sense, of genius, of grace and of virtue," died in 1836.

The Emerson boys, according to the famous Aunt Mary, were "born to be educated," and Ralph Waldo's father lamented his son's backwardness in reading at the age of 3. Doubtless Emerson survived to so ripe and fruitful an old age because from the beginning he knew how to [illegible] from the New England conscience and its urgency after education. He never distinguished himself at school, and at college he stood about midway in his class. He added to his funds at college by the time worn expedient of waiting at table and acting as president's messenger. He also succumbed to the uncongenial necessity of teaching school. Hatred of routine was inherent in his temperament, yet he was capable of living the most domestic and monotonous of lives, provided his mind were left free to wander on its celestial vagabondage. As a lover Emerson is totally unsatisfactory, and despite the laudation of his present biographer even the essay on "Love" leaves the average reader cold. He married first Ellen Tucker, to whom he refers, as his biographer states "provokingly," as the "beautiful friend," and again as "the enchanting friend." She died, after three short years of married life, of lung trouble. During these years Emerson made and broke his connection with the Old Second Church of Boston, beginning as the colleague of the Rev. Henry Ware and accepting the sole charge when Mr. Ware took a professorship at the Cambridge divinity school. That ivy covered structure which once graced Copley Square and stood vis-a-vis to the old Art Museum, with its illustrious line of pastors, beginning with John and Cotton Mather of witchcraft fame, and containing no name more illustrious than Emerson's own, is no more, and a different congregation now worships under the old name indeed, but with different forms, in another part of the city. Perhaps no church in the United States would better reward one for a study of its history. Emerson severed his connection on the ground of his unwillingness to administer the Lord's Supper in the prevalent form. Doubtless too the routine work was galling to his spirit, for with all his transcendentalism and his abstractions Emerson had a great fund of native common sense, and he writes in his journal: "I know very well that it is a bad sign in a man to be too conscientious and stick at gnats. The most desperate scoundrels have been over-refined. Without accommodation society is impracticable."

Emerson's two European journeys furnish the reader with two signal disappointments. In 1832 he sailed for Malta, February 2, reaching Paris June 20 and London July 21. Throughout the journey he was restless, somewhat querulous and accessible to annoyance. He was as lonely in Italy as an unbefriended stock broker. He met Landor, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Carlyle and found them all four "deficient in insight into religious truth." Nothing could be more amazing than this view of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Carlyle. Rationally he should have found Wordsworth a kindred spirit, but apparently no spark was generated by that contact of flint and steel. The biographer indulgently sums up this European trip by saying: "Italy could not implant or modify the love of beauty in a mind in whom the worship of that element was already active and mature. France could not undermine a theology which was already in articulo mortis or relax a moral code which had acquired in its own school a combination of elasticity and firmness quite alien to the self-indulgence of the Seine. At 30 years the impetus of his own character was too strong to be modified by impacts from without; his real debt to Europe was the ascertainment of its inutility."

However satisfactory this summing up may be to the present author, it makes the reader free of Emerson's chief limitation. He was deficient on the æsthetic side, and had a lifelong deficiency in the historic sense which alone gives a man a just feeling for proportionate values. Emerson was indeed the high priest of that particular brand of American democracy which believes one thing to be as good as another and discards without study the history of the upbuilding of culture. Many of our national virtues, most of our national delinquencies and all of our national impertinences grow out of this wholesale discarding of tradition in art, in religion and in life. Emerson indeed offers as fine a picture as one can give of a man hanging on to the top of the ladder after kicking away all the props.

In 1834 he settled with his mother in Concord, where he was to live the rest of his days. He married Miss Lydia Jackson of Plymouth, had four children, was helpful and assiduous at the town meeting, the social circle, the Saturday Club of Boston. He was wise, imperturbable, self-sufficient, ruminating. He wrote at will and lectured much, and doubtless with distaste. He had the ranging mind which made him a second rate college student, a reluctant and hesitating author and a lecturer with whom a modern audience, unaccustomed to generalities and abstractions, would doubtless have but little patience. The tales of his inaccessible imperturbability are too delightful to omit. When the Rev. Mr. Ware, in most courteous wise, challenged him to uphold by argument some of his most destructive statements in the divinity school address of 1838 he replies humorously and delightfully:

> I could not give you an account of myself if challenged. I could not possibly give you one of the "arguments" you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands; for I do not know what arguments are in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men. I do not see that either of these questions admits of an answer. So that in the present droll posture of my affairs, when I see myself suddenly raised to the importance of a heretic, I am very uneasy when I advert to the supposed duties of such a personage, who is to make good his thesis against all comers. I certainly shall do no such thing. I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done; glad when you speak my thoughts and skipping the page that has nothing for me. I shall go on just as before, seeing whatever I can and telling what I see.

His self-confidence was a shield and a protection. He believed in himself. He has almost the composure and aplomb of the Hebrew Jehovah and accounts for himself only by saying: "I am that I am." He discarded historic Christianity in this early address with all the decision that Swinburne applies in "Before the Crucifix"; yet without discomposure or violence. "But by this Eastern monarchy of a Christianity, which indolence and fear have built, the friend of man is made the injurer of man," he writes, and once more proclaims his own sublime doctrine "Obey Thyself."

This self-confident imperturbability was at once Emerson's safeguard and his limitation. Another instance is given when on Shakespeare's birthday he was called on at the Saturday Club in Boston to make some appropriate remarks upon this poet, familiar to him from boyhood. He obligingly stood up, looked about him, smiling gently and unabashed, reflected for a while, thought of nothing to say, and sat down again without a word and probably the least embarrassed person in the room.

The present writer remembers the discomfiture caused his host when on one of his later Western lecture tours Emerson remembered that he was engaged to dine with a lady on a given date in Michigan avenue whose number and name both he had forgotten, and how he was saved only by the courtesy and literary attainments of a Pullman conductor when he got on the train to Boston, having carefully packed his ticket in his trunk.

In 1876 he lectured upon invitation at the University of Virginia. Civil war feeling still ran high, but apart from that one can fancy no more inadvertent and unamalgamated combination than the free ranging, abstract philosopher and the youth of a race famous for its devotion to solid and rounded facts. Young Virginia completely forgot its manners and the philosopher received a treatment unparalleled in his experience. The outside world was outraged, but the philosopher commented only: "They are a very brave people. They say anything they please." The final anecdote illustrating his imperturbability is that pitiful and yet beautiful incident at Longfellow's funeral recorded by Moncure D. Conway. Emerson, long since a victim of aphasia, rose and remarked, "This gentleman was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I have entirely forgotten his name."

But one-half of Mr. Firkins's book is devoted to biography. The second half deals with Emerson as prose writer, as poet, as philosopher, with a final chapter called "Foreshadowings," which tries to forecast his fame in the future. This fame, the author states, was prompt to arrive and shows no signs of diminution, but "the influence of his central ideas and impulsions has been curiously prorogued. A hiatus has occurred in the evolution of his power, springing out of an unreadiness on the world's part for the reception of his ideas which the last fifty years seem rather to have increased than abated. Humanity must receive a new and profound charge of the religious spirit before its real pupilage to the waiting master can begin."

Perhaps with the popularity of the Bergsonian philosophy and its treatment of life as a great flux Emersonianism itself may be revived.

In the chapter dealing with style and architectonikê we feel that Mr. Firkins deals with overimpartiality. He denies that Emerson's "Essays" are a dust heap, gold dust indeed but yet a heap. He quotes Dr. Garnett as saying that Emerson's thought "is transparent and almost chillingly clear," as indeed it is; but it is also broken up into small and often partially related pieces. If his philosophy was flowing his form was like marble splinters. His page lacks both fluidity and amalgamation.

Saintsbury in his "History of English Rhythm" oddly compares Emerson's cadence with Carlyle's. Why, it is impossible to say. Carlyle's cadence has an organ roll, voluminous and splendid; Emerson's is short, choppy, glittering, sounding often like technical passages for the balalaika. The articulation of the sentence with the paragraph, which Emerson readers always find difficult, are mistakenly argued as cogent and transparent by Mr. Firkins. He admits Emerson's difficulty in making his conclusion his stopping point. Having reached his climax he likes to go on with a few straggling and explanatory sentences. Even Mr. Firkins, who writes with an enthusiasm likely to be accused of the tone of parti-pris, censures sentences such as: "Thou from speech refrained"; a constant use of "and which" and "but which," and zealots for the rule that the verb "to be" takes the same case after as before will hardly know how to deal with "he is me and I am him"; yet no one who feels the genius of language but will admit that "he is I and I am he" loses all force and significance.

On the whole Mr. Firkins's book is a most valuable addition to the Emersonian cult. The chapter "Full Circle" dealing with the friends of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Alcott, Sarah Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Hoar and others, is as delightful as such a chapter should be. Who could fail to be charmed by the picture of Sarah Ripley found by Audubon, who went to consult her as to the lichens that grew in her neighborhood, listening at once to the lesson of a Harvard student in differential calculus, correcting the translation of another from Sophocles, while she shelled peas and rocked the cradle of her grandchild with her foot? Here is a picture for the modern suffragist.

Mr. Firkins's book is authoritative, able and delightful, and it is perhaps only natural that having read ten volumes of Emerson's journals and all of Emerson's published work he should at times write so much like his subject that it is difficult to distinguish Emerson from Firkins.

North American Goods and South American Dollars.

A firm in Lima, Peru, that sells cognac advertises its goods in cuts and posters that show the Saviour offering a glass to Lazarus sitting up in a coffin that looks like a bath tub and saying, "Lazaro, levantate y toma este cognac." The only other wording is "Cognac Bisquit" at the top, and beneath the picture "Representante unico en el Peru —— —— ——, Lima. De venta en los buenos establecimientos." The "sole agent" for this brand "on sale in the best establishments," so nearly identical is the verbal code of the "ad writer" in the North and South Americas, would probably be surprised, possibly disgusted at septentrional remonstrance against his choice of topic for suasive illustration. In advising our "international salesmen" who are conducting or planning campaigns in the Spanish speaking countries of the Western Hemisphere "what to sell and how to sell it" Dr. WILLIAM E. AUGHINBAUGH, with appreciation of Northern and Southern psychologies, makes his *Selling Latin America* (Small, Maynard) something a little more "literary" and untechnical than a mere handbook of the strategy and tactics of commercial campaigning. The peculiar title suggests without intention the first consideration for assailants of the Brazilian, Chilean, Peruvian pocketbook, that Latin America has been "sold" too often by Yankee traders.

Volunteer critics have scored the American business man for his neglect of foreign markets: a country of resources so various and extensive ought to feed and clothe the world, equip its railroads and factories and supply all its needs and appetites. But the American business man, pretty well able to take care of his own affairs, has found enough to do right at home. The war has added a new note to the old refrain: our opportunity to capture the world's trade, an invitation to supremacy. Perhaps, however, the lowering of the tariff and other domestic conditions are a more moving factor of expansion than the imagined surrender of trade by the European belligerents. Necessarily the partial and temporary suspension will stimulate the bolder spirits in this country. But even the dwindling of old streams of supply in the markets to the south of us will not remove from American manufacturers and exporters the old requirement, of which they have so often, even habitually, fallen short, of adapting both their offerings and the manner of making them to the tastes, even to the whims, of the buyers they woo. If we are really going to develop not only but organize our foreign trade, with all the indispensable contributory activities implied, South America is entitled to first attention.

In 1913 the commerce of Latin America totalled nearly three billions. Imports were $1,304,261,763; exports were $261,655,049 greater. A healthy "favorable balance," not excessive, a drain; with a dazzling development of resources in prospect to support its growth: rich mines, millions of acres meant for omniterrestrial granaries and millions more of pasturage to support the carnivorous lord of creation; vast areas of forest, coffee enough for two continents and sugar to sweeten it. In the first half of his book Dr. Aughinbaugh surveys, country by country and with statistics, the trade opportunities of Latin America; the second half is the characteristic and more interesting one.

It is not by accident that Germany has enjoyed the fruits of leadership in commerce with South America; no military campaign was ever planned with more exactness of detail or carried out more systematically than hers in this commerce, which began after the Franco-Prussian war. First, the Government commission, establishing the entente. Then, officials of trade bodies, Herren Professoren and writers in economics, studying and reporting. Americans are reluctant to plant banks where they mean to trade, but Germany made credit relations the first object of inquiry. The home land is plastered with printed matter introducing South America to Johann and Adolph. Commercial schools begin to specialize in the teaching of Spanish and Portuguese. Students are drilled in Latin American methods and etiquette. Emigration is encouraged, colonies are established. Chile is full of Kultur. Peaceful penetration with an eye to no mere conquest but to assimilation:

> The real ambassador of commerce, the travelling man, courteous, familiar with trade customs, national mannerisms, and speaking both Spanish and Portuguese perfectly, was on the scene early, paying particular attention to the demands of the merchant. If a certain style of cloth was too wide, the obliging German made it of the dimensions required. If the color was too subdued for the aboriginal customer of the native merchant, the pattern and pigment were changed to suit the buyer. * * * No attempt was made to force the storekeeper to adopt the customs of Europe in anything, but stress was laid on the fact that their only object was to oblige in every way the buyer.

That is the way to get "repeat" orders. The German is not credited with finesse; but he far outdoes Yankee "shrewdness." Americans have lost much business in South America by offering "something just as good."

The last step in the process was the development of the German merchant marine. But that subject as applied to American conditions is too sad to dwell upon.

British participation in Latin American trade, second only to Germany's, rests upon her investments in local and national securities, her leadership in constructive enterprise, building railroads, dredging harbors and lining them with docks. France, it may be fair to say, caters particularly to the demand for luxuries. Spain and Portugal trade upon the loyalty of their transplanted citizens. But Germany has gone straight to the individual citizen and created in him the "made in Germany" appetite, even while bowing to his original prejudices. An American manufacturer sends a man to Brazil with snowploughs. "England gives six months credit," says a merchant to the German salesman. "My people will give you eight," replies the German; and gets the order. The German speaks to his "prospect" in that gentleman's own tongue, and imitates his courtesy and gentlemanly manner. The North American—who has to combat a most unflattering and hampering reputation of Yankee shrewdness, carefully cultivated, the author says, by his European competitors—well, Dr. Aughinbaugh tells of one who in the dining room of the best hotel in Lima endeavored to make known his wants by pointing at the menu, squealing and grunting: "I was trying to tell these durned fools I wanted ham." Less crude perhaps but no more sensible is the expenditure by some firms of large sums on printed advertising for circulation in countries where the ratio of illiteracy may run as high as 85 per cent.

Dr. Aughinbaugh's details of business between the lands north and south of the Panama Canal will open the eyes of business men, even of those who have had considerable experience in that trade. And for his Excellency the "general reader" there is in these pages an easily separable abundance of enlightenment on the "human" side of our interesting neighbors on the south.

But it is regrettable that those who speak with such authority in their premises as this author does should neglect, for whatever reason, to pound the senseless legislation that drives the American flag from the seas.

Essays for the Collegian.

How wise it is to encourage youth to be self-analytical is a mooted question, but RICHARD RICE, Jr., in his *College and the Future* (Scribners) gathers together a number of excellent essays dealing with problems of character and intellect in the hope of making the future undergraduate come to a clearer understanding of his own aims and possibilities. The object of the volume, as the author states it, is to present a set of essays which form a close sequence of ideas and a little philosophy about the present interests and future problems of youth and education.

The first two essays concern self-expression and are an essay on "Learning to Write," by the author of the book, and the "Question of Style," by Arnold Bennett. Bennett's plea that matter and style are one and inseparable is well known and one always desires to ask him if exactly the same effect is produced by saying "when I sit silent and remember what is past" as by saying:

> When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
> I summon up remembrance of things past.

Examples of the transformations of thought wrought by style are indeed well exemplified by this very book, for what a relief it is to turn the page from Theodore Roosevelt's "The Strenuous Life" to revel in the fine phrases of Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers."

The book contains two descriptions of Oxford, "Life at Oxford" by John Corbin, and Tom Brown's "Letter from St. Ambrose College." The essays on "The Social Value of the College Bred," by William James, "What Is College For?" by Woodrow Wilson, are debates upon the actual value of community education. "University Athletics," by Simon Newcomb, and "Panem et Circenses," by Richard Rice, Jr., deal with the modern abuse of athletics and overspecialization in some one particular form of athletics. "Idols," by Charles Mills Gayley, is a warning against the idols of the academic mart to-day, Caprice, Quick Returns and Play. Seriousness in study is commended by John Henry Newman in his essay, "Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Learning," and the "College Curriculum," by Richard Rice, Jr.

The religion of the college man, or rather the college man's tendency to lose his religion, has two essays, one by Dr. Francis G. Peabody and one by Henry Thomas Colesworth. "Crabbed Youth and Age," taken from Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque," and an editorial from the London *Times* on "Thinking for Yourself" deal with Emerson's favorite subject of "Self-reliance." "The Discovery of the Future," by H. G. Wells, and an extract from that invaluable little book "The Great Analysis," unsigned but published by Messrs. Scribners' Sons, together with John Jay Chapman's "The Unity of Human Natu[re]," close the book on the note of forecast.

Any such omnium gatherum must necessarily seem arbitrary, for each person would probably make different choices. When all is said and done Emerson and Carlyle give us the strongest essays on self-reliance, and particularly weak is the concluding essay in the volume. This solidarity of the race, this slow invading sense that not a flower drops but a star trembles, that all life is interwoven and interpenetrable, requires a more poetic and mystic treatment to drive home to youth.

On the whole the book is a profitable one and well worth putting into the hands of youth.

Shelley on Baseball and Other American Things.

Our national, State and local government, our education, newspapers, "literature," theatre, music, fine arts, invention and science, business, city life, social problems, "playtime" and rocking chair habit are all squeezed into some 250 pages by HENRY C. SHELLEY in *America of the Americans* (Scribners); and the test in compression and sense of proportion is passed with flying colors. "The Powers of the President" get fourteen lines of text, "The Press Agent" gets sixty-two; Owen Johnson has an allowance of space exceeding by eight lines that which is allotted to the hookworm; American shipping and American hospitality are disposed of in a dozen and two lines each, while New York clubs occupy a page and a half—and still are not reported with burdensome congestion of detail.

The list of illustrations, unquestionably edited by the commendable desire of a volunteer upholder of the mirror (no reflection on the sincerity of the simple little book) to let us see ourselves as others choose to see us, may be even more "salient" than the text. When do we deserve the immortality of the sensitive film? Of the thirty pictures, the frontispiece exhibits the familiar features of "Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President." The Capitol on the Potomac and the Senate Chamber are shown; the grave and reverend seigniors are caught in attitudes indicative of varying degrees of gravity and reverence as the chaplain implores in their behalf the guidance of the highest of Governments. The White House is shown, inside and out; and a vista in Pennsylvania avenue. The States are honored in the counterfeit presentment of the home of the Sacred Cod and the memorial hall of the Boston State House. The "fourth estate" does itself proud with the proprietary countenance and the domiciliary pile of one of the most esteemed of our contemporaries; "Howells at His Country Home," a pleasing view of luxuriant foliage and a white "vest," and Edith Wharton express the spirit of our literature. Belasco, Sothern, Warfield and Mrs. Fiske claim for the stage 7.5 per cent. of America's photographic representation. The Shaw Memorial, Trinity Church in Boston, the Union Railway Station at Washington (two views); the Wizard of Menlo Park, the Marshall Field store, interior and exterior views; "coons" in a Georgia cotton field, sides of beef in "A Cooling Room, Chicago," orange groves beside the Golden Gate, and the patio of a California "holiday hotel." The observation car on an American train reels round a giddy curve in a setting that would delight any artist of the reeled films. A baseball cartoon and the "Easter Parade, Fifth Avenue, New York," are reproduced. The New York skyline has been overlooked.

There are some foolishnesses in the volume; mirrors are never perfect in respect of objective accuracy. But there is much that Americans will be glad to see for themselves and to have seen by their friends—and enemies—in other lands. After all, baseball is the test. What says Mr. Shelley? "To excel as a pitcher or catcher is the ambition of every lad." Umpires are not mentioned, since they are born and not made; predestined and foreordained, objects of envy not even to those obsessed by suicidal mania, but seeking euthanasia. The pay envelope of the wearers of pad and spike is exalted; rather unduly, we believe, having in mind the lesser luminaries who are not in the same galaxy with the "Georgia Peach" and the few, the immortal indispensables. To baseball is graciously granted wide divergence but no "non-proven" verdict on the charge of plagiarism from the silly "rounders" of the muddied oaf of British school playgrounds: "Whatever the origin, the game as played in America is as characteristic of the country as clam chowder." Its vocabulary sends the Britisher's bails aviating; even a representative American dictionary fails "to enlighten us as to the meaning of 'bunt,' or 'fly,' or 'sacrifice hit,' or 'slide,' or 'two baggers' and the like." Nothing less than a homer achieved with the bases full, three and two "on" the batter deserves lexicographical record, Americans will say. The game has a "weird lingo," "with its 'fans,' and 'bleachers' and 'short end men.'" It is out of our department, but, though we consider ourselves good Americans, therefore disciples of "athleticism," even though it be "vicarious," we could with confidence challenge our own "baseball editor" to enlighten us on that too esoteric, apocryphal classification of "short end men." Mr. Shelley illustrates the "lingo" by a lurid account of a Quincy-Omaha game; such a giddy display of verbal pyrotechnics as long since went out of fashion in all but the "bushers" of journalism. To be sure, "everything was yellow, rocky and whangblasted, like a stigtossel full of doggle-gammon" is of the middle West most Middle Temple, and not baseball at all; but such stuff as "they couldn't hit a brick wagon with a pickaxe, and ran bases like pallbearers at a funeral" would not "pass" the "sporting desk" of anything but the bushiest of Texas League newspapers in these days of perhaps super, ultra refinement.

The mirror has a literary crack across its vitreous polished surface: "In more sedate literature baseball is always cropping up." Is it in Mr. Howells and Mrs. Wharton? Has even Robert Chambers composed the tragedy of a shortstop with a "glass arm"? "No publishing season goes by without the announcement of books for the young"—bless them, "the young," whatever their length of beard—"bearing such titles as 'The Baseball Boys of ——,' or 'The Third Strike.' And the poets who have turned verses on the game are legion. No anthology of American verse, for example, would be deemed complete which omitted 'Casey at the Bat' or 'The Darktown Nine.'" The "Book of Household Poetry" is ancient and honorably exempt. Are these monuments outwearing brass exhibited in the Egbertstevensonian catacombs? We have not looked, and shall not; perhaps they really are there. If so, it is needless undertaking; they live in every American mnemonic repertoire.

> There is a quality in the game which accounts for its phenomenal popularity. In the main the American likes excitement in his relaxation. The game is speedy, for the average time of a league contest is about two hours [cf. cricket]; and it is full of thrills from the first pitch to the last base [or "out"]. There is also "money in it." That is, for the players and the club owners. The championship games of 1913 netted gate receipts to the value of $325,980, one game alone bringing in the useful sum of $75,676 (£15,128). Each member of the winning team received $3,243 (nearly £650) as his share for the five championship matches alone. Such is the universal popularity of the game, too, that it is not uncommon for the President to toss the first ball at the opening match of the season. [This delightful decoration is of course monopolized by the "Senators" of the American League.] The ball grounds are among [?] the finest sport arenas of the world, the noble concrete stadium of Harvard not excelling many of the great city grounds.

Mr. Shelley wrote too early for the Greek drama on the fields where our pigskin Greeks battle superhomerically. But we love him because he has immeasurably surpassed the British standard of "sympathy." An Australian paper recently reported a baseball game between Americans and native bushwhackers. There were various absurdities in the lucubrations of the Antipodean "pressmen." One of them referred to an American player who, as Yankee Doodle would express it, "slanted a foul" into the "bleachers" and "beaned" a female "fan." The reporter had it "deflected the ball into the pavilion." That is an atrocity beyond anything that Mr. Shelley would do to our game.

Indorsable authors are the least entertaining. Mr. Shelley is decidedly entertaining.

How Far Can Science Go?

Some intelligent people not professional in the physical sciences have been more or less distressed of late by the suspicion or belief that some of those who do profess science have been going the gait of the professional "progressives." Perhaps it is not a "movement," with a programme and a Roosevelt; but now one and now another scientist of good repute and hitherto unimpeachable conduct turns out of his proper path to pick flowers in the meadows of metaphysics. When a Poincaré begins to act like a Bergson the people who read their books begin to fidget. When some one of the standing of Prof. LOUIS TRENCHARD MORE of the University of Cincinnati essays to define *The Limitations of Science* (Holt) the suspicion is authoritatively confirmed and attains form and specification. Is not the diffusely discernible tendency to point out limitations of governmental powers, of reforming agencies in the community, of those who paint our pictures, write our books and keep the lamp of learning filled and alight, a sign of healthy reaction from an all too democratic blurring of boundary lines? Nature builds her fences often invisible, and the man who puts paint on them does as great a service to his fellows as though he gave them new powers of eyesight.

Science crosses into the territory of metaphysics on a bridge of hypothesis:

> The reason why scientific knowledge advances in spite of hypotheses, those phantoms of the imagination, is because hypothesis rarely precedes experiment. If we examine the work of the experimenter of to-day, we find he still goes on calmly working with apparatus and using it with the common sense idea that he is using real objective matter in spite of the attempt of the theorist to make it an attribute of energy or electricity. Scientific hypothesis is much like religious dogma: although it may protest, yet in the end * * * the despised fact is cited as a pillar, or at least as a flying buttress of the hypothesis.

The boundary is marked by a "river of doubt" whose course it is hard to plot, but in a general way physics is concerned with phenomena and the statement of the rules of their manifestation as detected, whether with perfect accuracy or not, by experience and observation, while "the causes of phenomena and the discussion of the postulates of science lie in the province of the metaphysician." Mr. More tickles his readers who are not professional scientists or metaphysicians with phrases like "suppositious causes, fictitious attributes," in describing the exaggerated use of hypothetical processes, and the courageous remark that "infinity means nothing." He has no respect for those "physicists in Germany" who "are gravely discussing whether electrons are spheres or disks in shape." While such expressions removed from their context do not perhaps quite fairly represent the nature of Mr. More's attempt to pull the saltant scientists back to earth by their coattails, at the expense of the latest fashions in hypothetics, ions, electrons and too personal atoms, so many of his remarks are refreshingly in contrast to the huggermuggery of the improperly creative scientific imagination that the invitation to quotation is quite irresistible:

> To make an entity of a symbol, to speak of centres of force as if an intelligible image were conveyed to the mind, to make matter and inertia an attribute of energy is even more metaphysical than the concepts of atoms and ethers, which could at least be likened to sensible objects.
>
> * * * legitimate function of science, the discovery of natural phenomena and their classification into general laws derived by logical mathematical processes.
>
> It is just this restraint, this distinguishing between what we know and what we desire, that constitutes the value of science as a discipline of the intellect; and in the exercise of this restraint lies our intellectual integrity.

There is a vast difference between the early atomic hypothesis, useful in presenting a reasonably like image of things too minute for direct perception, and the purely modern tendency of hypothesis toward "transcendental symbolism." The use of models has obscured reality and exalted energy over matter, with a fallacy that corresponds in human life to the aberrant theories of "progressives" in sociology and feminism.

Prof. More does not penetrate the territory of metaphysics; his entire and sensible thesis is that scientists must cease to set up graven images to worship, and recognize the boundary of their province in that line beyond which verification is impossible.

THE CAVE MAN'S BLUDGEON.

A Woman Pays Her Respects to Mr. Rossiter Johnson.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. Rossiter Johnson in his letter in THE SUN of June 21 attacks with the cave man's bludgeon "the thirty learned young ladies who donned cap and gown and sat in a court room to sneer at a group of men who were receiving their naturalization papers."

After explaining at great length that "those same young ladies" should be quite satisfied to go without governmental power, he tells them that they must cheerfully entrust the protection of "their property, their liberty, their lives," to men who alone uphold "the stability of any Government."

The ignorant, the vicious, the weak, the selfish and grasping, no matter of what race or color, may achieve this, so long as they wear trousers. For woman there is only one way of "adding materially to the stability of the republic," according to Mr. Rossiter Johnson, for he ends on the eloquent note of advising "those learned young ladies to marry, bear sons and bring them up to be good, loyal citizens."

When a gentleman assumes this paternally omniscient tone of condescending advice it would be as well first to make sure of his facts. "The thirty learned young ladies" who went "to sneer," according to Mr. Rossiter Johnson, had been out of college for from ten to thirty years, so that most of them were neither so young nor so learned as the "sweet girl graduates" whom the gentleman evidently saw in his mind's eye meekly listening to his lecture.

There were doctors, lawyers, writers, social workers, organizers, housewives and mothers in the group, and there was not one of those well educated, serious, mature American women who went "to sneer" at newly naturalized citizens. As the president of the College League for Equal Suffrage, Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany distinctly explained: "We enter a silent protest against the denial of the rights of full citizenship to native and foreign born women and a silent plea that, just as the foreign born man is welcomed into full citizenship, so should all women be. College women were selected for this demonstration because they represent women from every rank, social and economic, and we stand for democracy."

Mr. Rossiter Johnson also offers this happy simile: "Those young ladies" (alas, that we can't admit the soft impeachment!) "might as properly put on their scholastic raiment, gather in the rotunda of a bank in which they have no funds and sneer at the poor people who are there depositing their little savings." He thus summarizes the cause of our protest neatly, for if a government is a bank is it indeed true that we women have no funds in it? Have we not put as much of our work, our ideals, our lives, into our country's fund as men? And may we claim no interest? If our country accepts our money, our toil, our brains, our ardor, may we not hope to add to its "stability" and be counted as "good, loyal citizens" unless we "marry and bear sons," as Mr. Rossiter Johnson suggests in his godlike wisdom? It is not given to all women to bear sons, even though they might thus, and thus only, win the opportunity of adding to "the stability of the republic."

Even if, for the sake of argument, we should grant that the voter, as the wielder of power, secures governmental stability, is any one still so old fashioned as to think that physical power is chiefly to be desired? Even in these dark and bloody days of war intelligence, science, organization count for as much at least as mere numbers and strength; otherwise Germany would long since have fallen before overwhelming millions of brawny peasants from Russia. There is no question in Europe to-day, not in Germany, not in France, not in England, that the women are doing at least as much as the men in upholding the stability of their Governments. It remains for an American man to tell women now that as writers and orators they may influence voters, that as mothers they may bring up their sons as "good, loyal citizens," but that they have no "power" to add to "the stability of the Government."

As to Colorado with its woman suffrage, must its Eves bear all the blame for the outrages and violence in that unhappy State? Are not Colorado's troubles rather due to the fact that ignorant and civically inexperienced men, largely of foreign birth, too new to citizenship to know how to use the vote as a weapon, are being exploited by American men of superior intelligence and ruthless selfishness? Such facts may be discouraging to "young ladies" who marry and bear sons, but plainly not to Mr. Rossiter Johnson.

MAIDA C. DARNTON,
One of the thirty not so young ladies.
NEW YORK, June 25.

THE DAY.

"Pastel" of Dusty Military Hours of "Drrumm, Drrumm, Drrumm."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Drrumm, drrumm, drrumm, drum, drum. Drrumm, drrumm, drumm!

The screeching fifes were almost inaudible; even had they been heard, none would have paid any attention. It was the closing day of the manoeuvres; only the thought of the return to the garrison, with its long restful railroad trip on the morrow, prevented utter exhaustion of the men. Since 4 o'clock that morning, when the alarm was given to form, the regiment had been on the march upon hard, dusty highways, had advanced in close formation upon furrowed turnip fields, swarmed up hill, taken ditches, cut trenches and routed the enemy. Half an hour's rest, while the officers listened to the verdict rendered by the umpire, and on they marched again, this time to the common meeting ground, from which, after the much dreaded final review by the commanding general of the army corps, the regiments were to be disbanded:

Drrumm, drrumm, drrumm, drum, drum. Drrumm, drrumm, drumm!

On and on they marched. It was high noon. The broiling sun no longer cast cooling shadows. Many a prostrate figure remained behind by the roadside in charge of a non-commissioned officer. No sheltering, thirst quenching village was in sight, but monotonous turnip, potato and wheat fields as far as the eye reached; here and there a desolate outhouse; the distant barking of a mastiff; once in a while a truant hare; otherwise nothing but

Drrumm, drrumm, drrumm, drum, drum.

At last the meeting place was reached. Eagerly was the commando to rest awaited, but oh, disappointment, instead the order to form regimental columns sounded. Other regiments arrived from all sides, adjutants galloped hither and thither, commandoes sounded and were shouted. The endless alignment of the companies, the tiring examination of dress and outfit, the nervous and startling exclamations of the officers, all helped to nurse the secret wish that something unnamed might as well end the unbearable misery.

The commanding general, a disciplinarian to the core, with never a smile or an encouraging word, was dreaded by all, officers and men alike. Reprimand, arrest, career, shattered careers followed in his wake. They formed the retinue of his Excellency; they curbed ambition and doomed spirit and love of living. A sudden shock went through the ranks; a commando word feebly uttered at the head of the column was responsible for it. He comes!

Set determination in every face, breast swelled, head high and turned to the left, from where he was to come, straff pulling of the rifle, prepared the companies for his reception. The air is suddenly surcharged with excitement. Hark, hark! An ever increasing roar rolls like an avalanche from company to company, from regiment to regiment, enveloping soon the whole corps.

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Hoch der Kaiser!" burst from every mouth. The Emperor had unexpectedly arrived. Forgotten were fatigue, misery, commanding general and all, for this was the day that will live in the memory of all, the day on which they faced their Emperor, the day on which their Emperor addressed them with a "Guten Tag, Leute!"

AUGUST STENDER.
NEW YORK, June 30.

EARLY MISSOURI EDITOR.

Nathaniel Patten Published First Paper West of St. Louis.

The first editor of a newspaper printed west of St. Louis or north of the Missouri River was Nathaniel Patten, editor of the Missouri *Intelligencer*, the paper which later became the Columbia (Mo.) *Statesman*, under the editorship of William F. Switzler.

An article by Prof. F. F. Stephens of the history faculty of the university tells about Patten in the current issue of the Missouri *Historical Review*. Prof. Stephens says:

Nathaniel Patten was born at Roxbury, Mass., in 1793. His family had been prominent in New England for several generations. In 1808 the family moved west, and in 1812 settled at Mount Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., where in all probability young Patten had his first experience as an editor. Then for some reason he left his father's family and joined the great caravan of Kentucky immigrants to the frontier of Missouri, arriving there in 1818.

Only a short time before his arrival the whole frontier region known as the Boon's Lick country had been unorganized and unsurveyed and, with the exception of a few hardy pioneers, unsettled. In 1816, however, Howard county was formed, consisting of that portion of Missouri west of St. Louis and St. Charles counties, with an area of about 22,000 square miles, one-third as large as the present State of Missouri. In the same year the town of Franklin was laid off on the bottom lands across the river from the present town of Boonville, and the next year was made the seat of government of this extensive county. In 1818 the land office for central Missouri was located at Franklin, and an immense migration to that town took place. It became the economic centre of the Boon's Lick country, being rated second only to St. Louis among all the towns of Missouri territory. It had a population of about 1,000 in 1819, and gave better promise for rapid growth than any other town west of St. Louis. Many of its inhabitants belonged to the best families of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and became prominent in the latter history of the State.

Patten formed a partnership with Benjamin Holliday, a Virginian, who had arrived in Franklin in February, 1819, and together they issued the first number of the Missouri *Intelligencer* and Boon's Lick *Advertiser*, April 23, 1819. The paper consisted of four pages, each twelve by eighteen inches, five columns to a page. The contents of this first issue, interesting after the lapse of nearly 100 years, must have held the absorbed attention of the readers of that day, from the editorial announcement to the last advertisement. Almost two columns were given to a list of unclaimed letters at Franklin, the only post office in the whole Boon's Lick country; four columns were devoted to Washington news and gossip; about five columns to general literature, such as Benjamin Franklin's caution to young printers; nearly five columns more to advertisements of one kind and another, legal and commercial; the rest of the space was given to editorial announcements, a contributed article and two or three items of local news.

Remains of Author of the "Marseillaise" to Pantheon.

The war has accomplished another thing, and this is the recognition the French nation is finally to accord Rouget de l'Isle, the author of the "Marseillaise." According to the plans formulated by M. Pierre Giffard, writes a Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*, a bill is to be brought into the Chamber of Deputies authorizing the placing of the remains of the famous Frenchman in the Pantheon.

There is little doubt that the bill will pass, since it is openly admitted that never yet in the French history of the last 100 years has the battle hymn of the French Republic played such an important role as at present.

To Translate Old Book on Texas.

The only existing copy of "Texas in the Year of 1848," written in German by Victor Bracht, one of the early German settlers, who came to Texas in 1845, was loaned to R. P. Bracht, son of the author of the book, by the State library. Mr. Bracht, says the San Antonio *Light*, wishes to have a translation made.

Victor Bracht came to Texas in 1845 with the Prince Solms-Braunfels colony to New Braunfels, and it is of this early period that the book is written. It tells of the life among the colonists and the opinion of the new land. Mr. Bracht was living in Mexico when Maximilian was Emperor and knew that unfortunate ruler and his unhappy wife.

The Contagious American Accent.

"Speaking with a strong American accent," a navy man has returned as a deserter for service here after seven years across the Atlantic, says the London *Chronicle*. Seven years! Why seven weeks will do the trick. What is known as the "American accent," and differs as widely as the American continent, is the most infectious in the world. A couple of months, as I know personally, is sufficient to alter the pitch of voice, and no man comes back from America without being detected in his speech, which has unconsciously caught the pitch. He gets over it in time. But Britain has never succeeded in imposing its lingual pitch on America.

Appreciated the Philosopher.

Thackeray's discomforts during his stay in the United States, on which he dwells in his letters to Mrs. Brookfield, were alleviated, says the London *Chronicle*, by some amusing incidents.

After his return he told Carlyle that on one of his journeys the train stopped at Concord. "Then," said Thackeray, "one of the two silent Yankees opposite me said, 'Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town.'

"'Ya-a-s,' was the drawling rejoinder, 'and I understand that, in spite of his queer notions, he is a man of considerable propity.'"

Coffin Made to Bury Darwin Is Not Used.

The funeral took place at Downe Churchyard, near Bromley (Kent), of John Lewis, aged 81, carpenter, who made the coffin in which it was intended that Charles Darwin should be buried. It was afterward decided, says the London *Daily Mail*, to bury Darwin in Westminster Abbey, and the coffin was not used, being subsequently exhibited in the district as a curiosity. Mr. Lewis twenty-five years ago made coffins for himself and his wife, and these were kept in their cottage.